Of that sweet way I was in, to dispaire:
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow
For I have none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exeu.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

Nor. The news is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Yor. It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard*: alacke the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

Nor. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I this Title out.

Yor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene so briefe with him, he would
Have beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head; your whole heads length.

Bul.

Bul. Mistake not (Vncle) farther than you should.

Yor. Take not (good Cosin) farther than you should,
Least you mistake, the heavens are ore your head.

Bul. I know it (Vncle) and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bul. Royally? Why, it contaynes no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Cleargy man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learne.

Nor. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

Bul. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegeance
And true fayth of heart to his royall Person: hither come
Even at his feete, to lay my armes and power
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, ile use th'advantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showers of blood
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this plaine
Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,
That from this Castels tatter'd Battelments,

Our

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.20) Octavo